

FARMS AND FARMERS

Marking Garden Products

Many fruit and vegetable growers in the South and North make a mistake in watching the market reports and shipping goods when the quoted prices are high and holding them back when they are low. As a result, when the goods reach the market, they find that too many others have done the same thing, and when the goods are received, conditions have changed, and the market is again glutted, and prices are down. This system may do well for the gardener who is so near to the market that he can have prices telephoned to him at night and have his produce on hand before daylight, or get them at the opening of the morning market and deliver his produce at eight o'clock. But the man whose products must be two or three days on the road would do better to ship his goods when prices were low with the chance of a rise before his consignments come to hand. One truck farmer near Norfolk, Va., who is said to have retired with nearly a million dollars made in the business, used to have one good commission agent in each of the several cities, to whom he shipped goods, notifying them by wire of amount and date of shipments, and they were then prepared to receive orders for them or to sell them for cash on arrival, and if he delivered his shipments by any system it was to keep each one well supplied with good produce, and accept the average price. The dealers, knowing they had all of his goods in the city, could obtain the highest price of the day for them.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Soil Renovators

The opinion seems to be general among farmers that the only crops which can be used to improve the soil are the legumes which gather carbon-nitrogen from the air and retain it, so that when plowed under the nitrogen is given to the soil. Another use these legumes have is that they supply humus to the soil, which often is much needed. There is another class, of which rape is a member, which when plowed under has the power to absorb the phosphoric acid which lies inert when other plants are grown, and when such crops are plowed under they return this phosphoric acid to the soil for the use of the next plant placed thereon, for once being made active it does not again become inert. Corn-horn turnips are of this class, and recent experiments have proved their wonderful value as soil renovators. The long roots, force themselves deep into the subsoil, forcing that soil to give up its plant food. Any crop which will bring into play any of the plant foods that lie inert when other crops are grown will do a vast deal to add to the fertility of the soil. All farms will not grow crimson clover, but with cow peas, velvet bean and Canada field peas at hand one may readily obtain a legume that can be grown and thus get nitrogen cheaply, then if rape and other members of the turnip family will wake up the phosphoric acid in the soil and make it available, the question of soil fertility comes pretty near being solved.

Pasture Lands

When I came out West, more than a quarter of a century ago, writes a correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, it did not take many years to find out that it was more profitable to pasture the grass around me than to burn it in the fall. This pasturing of the grass was done so successfully that none was left to burn or to pasture. Finally I was compelled to break up the land and farm it. I raised large crops of small grain, but soon saw that it was a money-losing game and tried to seed my land back to grass. I found it very difficult to get tame pastures to stick, and it by accident I got a good stand of timothy, or clover the latter would not last and the former after a good crop or two would get what I called sod bound and would not produce a load of hay to the acre. I know now why the timothy did no good after a year or two. It was because we pastured it to the roots, thinking it economical to let the stock eat the last spear of grass that showed up in the fall. Land having by that time advanced in price, I could not afford to own pastures of that kind, and so I overstocked it to make both ends meet. I made up my mind to own less and better stock, and this change in no-time made a great improvement in my pastures. I soon saw that a growth of grass covered the pastures in dry weather when all the turns in short pastures was burned.

General Debility in Chickens

One of the main causes of general debility among young chicks is overcrowding them in the coops by either having the coops too small or giving the old hen more chicks than she can properly cover or by permitting her to take them to a nest of some kind to cover. The coops for chicks should be roomy and clean, with perhaps some litter on the boards or ground, but the nest box filled with hay or straw has no place in the coop. Another cause of debility is permitting the old hen a free range with her chicks when they are very young; there are always a few chicks in a clutch that, while perfect, by well, are not very strong and are unable to keep up with the pace set by the old hen. For at least two weeks the old hen should be kept confined and not permitted to run with the chicks, unless the space given them is very small. If any of the little chicks show decidedly that they are weaklings it will be best to kill them at once.

The Value of Rainfall

It is said that the rainfall brings down about four pounds of ammonia, or three and a third pounds of nitrogen per acre, which may be correct as a general statement, or an average amount, but where there are heaps of decomposing vegetable or animal matter from which ammonia is escaping in considerable amount the air contains

more ammonia, and the rain or snow will absorb more of it. Unfortunately for careless farmers it does not drop back to the place from which it rises, but may be carried by the wind for miles before returning to earth, and the farmer who makes a compost heap and does not keep it so covered with earth or other absorbent as to prevent the escape of ammonia may be adding to the fertility of the garden of somebody in the next county whom he never saw, the cost of putting it upon his own soil, that needs it more. Like old-fashioned stories this has a moral. When caring for manure or composts do not allow nitrogen to escape, and keep your surface soil light and dry, that it may absorb more from the atmosphere, as dry earth is a good absorbent.—Exchange.

Growing Field Corn

Many a farmer has been saying that there was no profit in growing corn in New England, when Western corn could be bought at the market price of several years past, but when they find that at dry season in the West has increased the price ten cents a bushel, and may add ten more before the season is over, they rather envy the man who has a field that will fill the old corn crib and give a good stack of corn stover to save the hay next winter. He, at least, can afford to contribute something to the Kansas sufferers who have found the corn crop a failure this year. But we hope the man who has corn to buy will not be too hasty in deciding to use less of it because of the advance in price. If it is a loss to buy corn instead of growing it, it may be a greater loss to reduce the amount fed to fattening stock, milk cows, swine or poultry. If satisfied that it paid to feed it at the old price, keep on as before and hope for a better price for the products.—New England Homestead.

Rations for Dairy Cows

Prof. T. L. Haecker, of the Minnesota experiment station, after nine years' experience, gives the following as the best ration for dairy cows: Ensilage is the foundation feed used and the grain feed consists of five parts bran, five parts cornmeal and two parts of new process gluten meal, which contains 87 per cent protein, and the rations are from five pounds to nine pounds of this mixture, according to the amount of milk given. It generally takes three pounds of ensilage and half pound corn fodder for every pound of grain feed. If a cow's flow of milk drops off for some cause or other, he increases it by feeding roots besides the grain for a time and then holds it by grain alone. Incidentally he mentioned a cow which failed to breed for four years which gave 300 pounds of butter fat the fourth year and seems to intend to keep up that gain.

Wide Orchard Rows

There has recently been considerable agitation over the question of whether fruit trees, mainly apples, should be planted in wide or narrow rows. There are many growers who have worked on the wide row plan, that is, the wide row running east and west of the orchard, and found it most desirable. There are several reasons why this method of planting is desirable, but the main one is that planted in this way the trees have more sunlight when they reach large size, and sunlight means an increased crop and a better one. As a rule apple trees are set much further apart than other fruit trees because of their large size at maturity, yet there is no doubt that the wide-row plan is as desirable with apple as with other trees. On the wide-row plan pear trees, for example, are set sixteen by twenty-eight feet, the wide rows running east and west.

Working Milk

After milking each cow weigh the milk, keep a record of it, and in a month one will be surprised to see how great the difference in the weight of the milk from the several cows. In many cases it will be found that the supposed prize milk of the herd is one of the poorest cows in the lot. This test has proved to me more than once. I have had a dozen that were eating up the profits of the dairy, and that if he were dry of these cows his dairy would pay a profit. Spring scales can be bought for about two dollars and will pay for themselves in a month.

The Berkshire Hog

The Berkshire is to the swine field as the brave old oak to the forest. He has withstood the tempests of fads and fashions for over 100 years and is still the most lasting and enduring, said W. D. McVish of the Iowa State Breeders' Association. He has had no boom or soaring prices, but has gone steadily on in the even tenor of his way to that practical improvement that makes him today the best all round hog for all climates and all purposes on earth.

Storing Sweet Potatoes

Storing sweet potatoes in cottonseed hulls, cotton seed and sand in the usual way has given best results at the South Carolina station. Storing in straw has given the poorest results. It appears that cottonseed hulls are admirably adapted for use in storing sweet potatoes. The same is true for cotton seed, only to a less extent.

Farm Notes

Bone is the thing to use on peach trees every time, says one grower. Dig out the peach tree borer and jar the entrance.

The cause of foam rising on extracted honey is said to be uric acid. Sugar beets should not be permitted to dry out after being dug, as there is always a loss of sugar.

Minnesota beekeepers in convention seemed to favor sweet and alkali clovers as good to sow for bee pasture.

Where the mower has not worked well in cutting cover vines that are on the ground a bean harrower intended for navy beans has been found successful.

Illinois fly, the bane of wheat growers in the older states, appears to be going westward. Secretary Coburn, of Kansas, is credited with the advance to burn the wheat stubble as soon as the wheat is removed from the field.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Statistics on the Various Crops of the State—Michigan Banks Are Prosperous—Depot Safe Blown Open by Dynamite—Brief State Items.

The Michigan crop report for August estimates that the wheat yield will be about 10,000,000 bushels, the same as estimated last year. The quality in some cases is good, but in most instances it is poor, being shrunk and full of chaff and chaff. In a few counties the crop does not average as well as a year ago. The range is from about half the yield of the previous year in the southern counties, nine bushels, in the central counties thirteen bushels, in the northern counties fourteen bushels, and in the State eleven bushels, while one year ago the estimated average yield per acre was, in the southern counties six bushels, in the central counties nine bushels, in the northern counties ten bushels, and in the State seven bushels. The acreage of wheat sown this fall will be smaller than last year. Many farmers report that they will sow rye instead. Oats as a rule have made great progress during July. Conditions have not been favorable for a large crop of oats. The crop of early potatoes has been nearly a failure. Beans are estimated, with favorable weather, to yield 87 per cent of a crop. Sugar beets have made good growth and promise 92 per cent. Clover has suffered from hot weather and young grasshoppers and is estimated at 79 per cent, 15 per cent lower than last year. Apples promise only 31 per cent, but there will be a large crop of peaches.

Michigan Banks Prosperous

Reports from the 204 State banks and three trust companies of the State show remarkable growth and prosperity. The total resources, \$145,036,029, show an increase of \$11,450,000 over the February report. The loans, discounts, bonds, mortgages and securities, \$109,000,000, shows an increase of \$9,322,000. Commercial deposits of \$42,000,000 are shown, an increase of \$3,022,000, while savings deposits have increased \$9,046,000. The total savings on deposits, \$77,305,000. The banks have \$18,435,000 in reserve cities, \$931,000 in United States bonds, and \$9,000,000 in cash on hand. The capital stock reported is \$13,072,000. The undivided profits are \$2,304,000.

Safe Blown by Dynamite

Safe crackers forced an entrance into the Pere Marquette depot at Williams-ton. They inserted dynamite in the safe which blew the door off and literally smashed it to pieces, portions of it being blown through the side of the office. The force of the explosion and the flying pieces smashed most of the office furniture, and nearly all of the office fixtures. They secured but about \$5 for their trouble, but the damage to the office fixtures will amount to considerable.

Within Our Borders

The State Teachers' Institute held at Ann Arbor drew an attendance of eighty-five.

Mexford R. Gardner of Manitoba

has passed the requisite examinations and has been admitted to the military academy at West Point.

During a quarrel at Rockwood between two colored men employed on the grade of the electric road, Ernest Pickney shot Charles Davis, the ball lodging in his leg.

In a large number of orchards around Benton Harbor there are peach trees affected by the yellow fever, and an agitation has been started for the appointment of a special yellow fever commissioner.

Besides building a bridge across the St. Joseph river, the Illinois, Indiana and Iowa Railway has contracted for a tunnel at Benton Harbor to cost \$80,000, which is part of its scheme for a Detroit extension.

Iron Mountain business men bought 50,000 shares of stock in the waterworks company at seven and a half cents a share, and offered the company fifteen cents last fall. The company was composed of Xpianian capitalists.

C. D. Fuller, of Kalamazoo, who recently invented a bean huller, has made a good-sized fortune out of the patent by disposing of it to the Battle Creek parties who recently organized a company in that city with a capital of \$1,000,000 for pushing the sale of hulled beans. He has received the neat sum of \$100,000 in cash for the sale of his patent.

Two young girls, summing at St. Joseph, from Chicago, tried to reform St. Joseph's parish night by dressing themselves in boys' clothes and visiting places of vice, where they lectured on subjects of practical Christianity. The girls wanted a lark, and decided to do the town in the novel attire. They wanted to do good at the same time. St. Joseph was shocked, and the girls were arrested by officers. The reforming females were taken to the jail, where, after a severe reprimand from the police, they were released.

A few days since a Rome farmer drove up to the country grocery at Stoddard and set upon the porch a basket containing seven dozen eggs, and after caring for his horse entered the store to select some groceries. He stepped out to get the eggs, but the basket was empty, and on a dry goods box at the counter the proprietor swinging his chubby legs and contemplating with great satisfaction the accuracy of his aim in a throwing contest in which every egg had been hurled at a mark. It was far more fun than fireworks, but the farmer felt that the talk was greater than he could bear and the grocer shared the burden.

Norman B. Blain, for over thirty years a prominent dry goods merchant of Leeward, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

The balance in the State treasury at the close of business July 31 was \$3,552,842. The balance of \$3,557,722 on the previous day was the largest in the history of the State.

The Chicago commission firms have commenced their annual buying of apples in the fruit belt, cash being paid for the fruit on trees. In most cases the prices are considerably unsatisfactory. One small orchard has been sold for \$2,500.

Capt. John Lemox, 67 years of age, left Bay City for the Pan-American Exposition in an eighteen-foot boat and proposed to take the all-water route to Buffalo.

The oil and gas well being drilled at Milan seems to have ended in a cage or a monument. The hole, which was 100 feet deep, was put down the opening, but disappeared in a crevice reached at a depth of 425 feet.

St. Clair's village council is considering the proposition of the Westinghouse Electric Company, which will put in new dynamos and arrange for day and night power, and service in the present electric plant, for \$5,000.

The bean crop is reported excellent in most of the bean growing districts this season.

Capt. James H. Condy, superintendent of the Condy mine, Iron Mountain, fell from a wagon and was seriously injured.

The residence of L. Berliner, a well-to-do farmer at Twelve Corners, was destroyed by fire. The loss was nearly \$10,000.

A Port Huron woman has sued the Michigan Central Railroad Company for \$5,000, claiming she caught a bad cold on a train in 1899.

County Clerk Church at St. Joseph reports the marriage of 107 Chicago couples during the last week and a new record for St. Joe is thus established.

A traveling man named E. R. Rogers, representing Lieberman Brothers, shoe and milliners, of New York, committed suicide by jumping off a pleasure steamer on Lake Michigan.

The Michigan Telephone Company is preparing to enter the territory north of Bay City and Alpena, and will eventually cover every important point between Bay City and Alpena and Mackinaw City.

When John Spence, a well-known farmer, was riding into Belleville the horse ran away throwing him out and injuring him internally as well as cutting a bad gash in the side of his head near the temple.

Bids have just been made for what, when completed, will be the longest dam in Ingham County. It is known as the Deane Creek dam, and will be eleven miles long. The bids, as reported, aggregate \$7,700.

The contract for building the electric road between Marshall and Albion was awarded to Mr. Richards, of Hastings, who commences work at once. The highway will be changed in three places at the company's expense.

Farmers who were growing chicory for the Belgians, and who had been burned a few days ago, are thanking the chicory stars that there are two other chicory companies in the field who will take their crop off their hands.

The Bellaire Portland Cement Company has been organized at Bellaire with a capital of \$350,000. It has 1,000 acres of first-class marl and large quantities of clay, which is pronounced by Prof. Kedzie to be as fine as he ever saw.

It is said Frank T. Wolverton, of Flint, was one of the lucky ones in the El Reno lottery, and secured one of the best of the pieces of real estate the government is giving away. Mr. Wolverton is said to value his new property at \$20,000.

Mrs. Oliver Osborne, wife of a Soda Township fruit grower, suffered probably fatal injuries by flames from a gas-lit stove. Her clothes were burned from her and fell to the floor, and her body from the waist up is burned to a crisp.

In attempting to stand up in a boat to fish, William Cusser, employed at and was drowned in Reed's Lake. The body was recovered after two hours' search, Chas. Shaker, his companion, clung to the overturned boat and was rescued by some campers.

At Baldwin Percy Cummings, aged 15, fell between the wheel and shaft of the buggy while driving home and was carried thus for several miles. Percy was wedged in so closely that he could be extricated only by taking off the wheel. The boy died.

John Corwin, of Flint, is in the University Hospital at Ann Arbor to have a silver plate and an abscess removed from his skull. The plate was put in some years ago to take the place of a portion of the skull broken out in an accident in a pulp mill.

E. B. Wighman, of Fenton, recently lost a valuable Jersey cow from some "mysterious" malady and curiosity led to a post mortem, which developed the fact that the animal had been ever since last winter carrying around in her stomach a piece of a whip stock about fifteen inches long. The article had been poked down her throat to dislodge something on which she was choking and could not recover.

Prof. Henry Benner, who for the past four years has held the chair of mathematics in Albion College, was drowned in Lake Orion. The college has been conducting a summer school at the Lake Orion resort, and Benner was an instructor there. He was in the habit of bathing alone. When found a small life preserver was attached to the body. He was a very scholarly man, having degrees from American and German universities.

Christian Mack, president of the Ann Arbor Savings Bank and a leading dry goods merchant, died suddenly of heart disease at his home. He was about 50 and to all appearances was in good health, when, shortly before 11 o'clock, he went into the basement. A few minutes later Henry J. Mann, the head bookkeeper, discovered Mr. Mack in what he supposed at the time was a fainting spell. An examination proved that life was already extinct.

During the month of July there were 2,470 deaths in the State of Michigan, as compared with 2,300 in the Department of State. The death rate was 12.2 per thousand reported population. During the month 72 deaths from drowning were reported and 11 deaths from lightning. There were 502 deaths of infants under one year of age; 155 deaths of children aged 1 to 4 years; and 64 deaths of elderly persons over 65 years of age.

The Department of Health has reported the following: Pulmonary tuberculosis, 155; other forms of tuberculosis, 24; typhoid fever, 27; diphtheria and croup, 16; scarlet fever, 7; measles, 9; whooping cough, 11; pneumonia, 63; diarrheal diseases of infants, under 2 years, 252; cancer, 120; violence, 234. There were also two deaths from small-pox reported, one in St. Clair County and one in Saginaw County.

Thieves entered the K. O. T. M. Hall at Reese and appropriated the "white fund" of the L. O. T. M., which was kept in a little tin box in a cupboard in the lodge room. The fund amounted to \$25.

Disaster followed Ole Eckman, a well-to-do farmer who resided near Daggett, right to the grave. He met death in a runaway, and as the funeral party was proceeding to the cemetery, the horse on which he was riding became unmanageable and crashed into the house, overturning that vehicle and demolishing the coffin.

It is announced that W. L. Churchill, president of the Bay City Sugar Company, is negotiating for the purchasing of the sugar factory at Benton Harbor, which has been lying idle the past year. The company could not induce the farmers to raise a sufficient quantity of beets.

Some Brooklyn people who desired a public library in that village instead of applying to Mr. Carnegie, set about securing it by their own efforts, aided by their townsmen. Small monthly subscriptions were asked for, and the scheme has proved so successful that a library, with a reading room, is in sight. An association will be organized.

THE BEET SUGAR INTEREST.

Will Vigorously Oppose Havenmeyer Trust Plan of Reduced Duties.

Mr. Oxnard, a large manufacturer of beet sugar, is engaged in a fight with the great refineries of the country, which control a large share of the sugar business of the country, which draw their supplies of raw material from the tropics, and which are decidedly adverse to any expansion of the beet sugar industry here. Mr. Oxnard says that the Sugar Trust is to make a strong effort at the coming session of Congress to have the present duties upon sugar cut out of the tariff law.

Mr. Oxnard's interests, as well as the interests of all of the producers of the raw material which he uses in his factories, are against the withdrawal of the duties on raw sugar. On the other hand, and here is the important point which he brings out, the interests of his rival, the so-called Sugar Trust, are directly in having the duties on raw sugar abrogated. The matter is simple and easily understood of all who care to look at the facts. The Sugar Trust, otherwise the American Sugar Refining Company, obtains from abroad the bulk of its supplies of raw cane sugar, which it refines and sells in competition with the beet sugar produced in this country, from beets raised by American farmers. Its interests are to get raw sugar at the lowest price. Still more so its interests require this because it cannot now monopolize the American market, but must share it with American sugar, produced at home. With free raw sugar, the Sugar Trust can keep the price so low as to prevent any further expansion of the beet sugar industry. Hence all of the interests of the American Sugar Refinery are for a removal of the duties on raw sugar.

This is all so perfectly obvious that it would be scarcely worth while to re-echo it, were it not for the fact that a number of rabid free-traders, who rush blindly into assertions without a single fact upon which to base them, have argued that the Sugar Trust is responsible for the imposition of the duty on raw sugar, that Congress imposed that duty in deference to the demands of the trust, and that to remove the duty on sugar would be to inflict a severe blow upon the trust.

The fact is that the duty on raw sugar imported from abroad is not only a revenue measure, of considerable value to the country's finances, but is the main protection of the beet sugar industry in this country, an industry of large importance to the agricultural interests and of great economic value to the country as a whole. To remove the duty on raw sugar would have the triple effect of advancing the interests of the Sugar Trust; of preventing the establishment of further beet sugar factories, and thus forbidding an extension of the beet-growing industry; and of continuing in effect the economically wrong practice of sending abroad millions annually for the purchase of a product which might just as well be produced at home. To advocate this under pretext that it would injure a trust is simply to ignore or willingly misstate the actual facts.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Crops and Prosperity.

Discussing the corn and wheat crops, one of our free trade contemporaries here in the city, which can find no consolation in anything except the abolition of tariff duties, has announced its conclusion that if we have had any prosperity in the last few years it has been due almost entirely to our fine corn and wheat crops, and that a failure of these crops, or either of them, would throw us into the old-time distress. Now, let us look into some facts and see if that is true.

As a matter of fact, the total value of all the corn crops since 1894 has been \$700,000,000 less than for the same number of years preceding that date. Likewise the total value of all the wheat crops has been \$200,000,000 less. For the seven years preceding 1894 the amount of money which the farmers got out of their corn and wheat crops was almost one billion dollars more than they got out of the corn and wheat crops for the next seven years up to and including 1900. Yet we do not suppose that even a free trade pestilist will declare that there was more prosperity in this country in 1894, the time of general financial depression and bankruptcy, than in 1900. If the free trader will insist that there was, we shall ask how it is, then, that the savings bank deposits, the prosperity gauge of the United States, were in 1900 \$750,000,000 more than in 1894, and over a billion more than in 1887, the beginning of the period we have mentioned as showing the largest crop values in the history of the country?

Not the crops, but the general industrial conditions, under the protective tariff system, have made the prosperity of this country.—New York Press.

Doctrine of Tariff Reformers.

"What the friends of tariff reform will continue to urge, without regard to reciprocity treaties," says the Philadelphia Record, "is such reduction of duties on imports as is obviously demanded by the interests alike of American consumers and producers. The official returns of commerce have shown for years just what protective duties might be reduced or wholly repealed without any disturbance to American industries." What the tariff reformers have heretofore urged that all protective duties are pernicious and immoral and ought to be wholly repealed without regard to the effect of American industries. "This is one reason why the country became panic stricken when the tariff reformers got into power in 1893, and why the country has shown an eagerness to keep them out of power since that time."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Want Hard Times Again.

The Ohio Democrats in their State convention Wednesday declared for the suppression of the protective tariff and for a tariff for revenue only. These words have a familiar sound to the American people. What a tariff for revenue means, the present generation has not forgotten. It has had one experience with such a tariff. It is a declaration of preference for foreign manufactures and of war against home industries. It is in effect a surrender of the home market to foreigners.

Six years ago this country was going through a period of financial stagna-

tion and industrial paralysis. Factories were idle and hundreds of thousands of men were out of work. There were good times abroad and a wretched condition of affairs at home. The Government itself ran short of cash and had to sell bonds to the extent of \$250,000,000 to procure money. The tariff for revenue proved a tariff for degeneracy. The effect of the hateful bill was felt in every part of the land.

The Democrats want to give the people another dose of this same kind. It is like giving to a well man medicine that will make him sick. The result of such things as those of six years ago is not desirable from any point of view. They were ruinous. If there is any reason for adopting a system that will bring about a return of such times one fails to comprehend what it is.—Galesburg, Ill., Register.

Iowa is a Sample.

A dispatch from Des Moines, published recently in the Minneapolis Journal, reports that from the statement issued by the Iowa State Auditor giving a report of the condition of State and savings banks in Iowa, it appears that since the middle of December there has been an increase in the bank deposits in that State of \$14,493,931. The dispatch characterizes this as "unprecedented in the history of the State, and goes on to say that the total amount on deposit in the State and savings banks of Iowa is \$112,465,254, and that during the last year the increase in the amount of deposits has been over \$21,000,000, while there has been an increase of twenty-four in the number of banks transacting business.

Manifestly there has been no falling off in Dingley law prosperity in the State of Iowa. Uncle Horace Boles may still find it in him to write calamity-breathing articles for the free-trade syndicate, but his articles will exert as little influence on the opinion of the people of his own State as on the opinions of the rest of the people of the country, and the amount of that influence is not startlingly large. Printed articles holding forth on the disastrous results which must inevitably come out of the policy of protection do not carry very much weight with people whose pockets are already loaded down with the abundant fruits of the prosperity which they owe directly to that same policy of protection.—Exchange.

For Whose Benefit?

Russia does not like our tariff and therefore, say the tariff unionists, the tariff must be changed. Other countries do not like some provisions of the law and therefore these must also be changed. It might be worth while to stop a minute and discuss the question whether we make our tariffs for the benefit of other nations or for our own benefit. If for the benefit of Russia, Germany and England, we might as well turn the work of making the tariff over to them and save the expense of congressional labor on it. But there is little prospect that the tariff makers will induce the people to listen to them. Conditions are pretty fair now, and there are not many who want to go back to Democratic times such as we had in 1893 to 1897.—Moline (Ill.) Dispatch.

A Friendly Suggestion.

Uncle Sam—So things are not doing well over your way?—Guess you'd better try some of our fertilizer.

Not a Democrat.

Senator McLaurin has a right to feel complimented by the action of the South Carolina Democratic State Committee in voting to fire him out of the party. Not to be considered a Democrat of the South Carolina type is indeed an honor. When a man votes for the industrial and commercial upbuilding of his State that call him a renegade and expel him. He cannot do such things and remain a Democrat in good standing. That sort of politics will bear good fruit in the South some day. The South Carolina Democratic Committee has furnished precisely the object lesson needed to illustrate to progressive, thinking people what a man must and must not be in order to be classed as an orthodox Southern Democrat.—American Economist.

The Country of Surpluses.

France ran behind \$100,000,000 last year and there were deficits in Germany, England and most of the other European nations. In America we end the fiscal year with a surplus of \$70,000,000, and instead of looking around for loans we are reducing the war taxes. The showing is one to be proud of.—Hampshire (N. Y.) Times.

They Can't Explain.

Those Democratic editorial doctors who prescribe free trade as a cure for trusts might do a better business if they would explain why it is that trusts have developed faster under free trade in England than under protection with us.—Spartan (N. C.) News.

The Congo Under the Ocean.

On the coast of Africa, opposite the mouth of the river Congo and continuous with the course of that river, lies a submerged valley, the existence and shape of which have been ascertained by means of soundings made by the British Admiralty. This valley, through which the Congo probably flowed at a time when the western coast of Africa was more elevated than it is at present, is 122 miles in length, extending to the edge of the platform of submerged land which borders the continent. Its sides are steep, precipitous and well-defined, indicating that they are formed of solid rocks. Other submerged river valleys are found on the western coast of Europe, and similar phenomena exist in various parts of the world where the edges of continents have sunk.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR AUGUST 26.

Genesis xxi., 1-14. Memory verses, 6-8.

Golden Text.—By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.—Heb. xi., 17.

After the destruction of Sodom (Chap. 10) Abraham went southwest into the land of the Philistines, the coast plain that lay at the foot of the great central mountain range. He stopped at Gerar, a town near the sea, and there repeated the experience he had with the Egyptians, namely, that he was passing on to his sister and thus getting into trouble with King Abimelech. The two accounts are so similar that, as in the case of certain "doubles" in the gospels, some writers suspect that they may be variant versions of the same occurrence. It certainly seems as though a man like Abraham should so closely imitate his own previous conduct, which had brought him trouble. A further interesting resemblance to Isaac's experience in the same Philistine city (Chap. 26) is to be noted. Such examples show how the hypothesis of a composite origin of Genesis fits to explain some facts which are very mysterious on any other theory. On the one hand we may assume an incorrigible habit in the posterity of Terah, which led Abraham in two instances and Isaac in one to pass off a wife as a sister in a foreign land. On the other, we may assume that this strange and rather discreditable occurrence happened but once in the family, but so impressed itself upon the family traditions as to be narrated in later ages in several different connections. If we should choose this latter alternative we should deal no more freely with the scriptures than some eminent and godly New Testament interpreters have dealt with the two accounts of the cleansing of the temple or the two miracles of feeding the multitude.

Shortly after this Isaac was born, his father being already 100 years old (xii., 6). When the boy was still a baby Sarah's jealousy led to the cruel expulsion of Hagar's son, Ishmael, from the paternal household. This son of Abraham came near death from thirst in the wilderness, but was rescued just in time and became a wanderer in the desert. About this time Abraham made a covenant with King Abimelech of the Philistines, a general treaty of peace, and also an agreement as to the wells which Abraham's people had dug at Beersheba, on the border of the hill country

Friday and expense money advanced each week. Standard House, 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago. 1917m

The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1901.

LOCAL ITEMS.

TAKE NOTICE.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up please renew promptly. A X following your name means, we want our money.

Read Fournier's new Ad.

Read the new Ad. of A. Kraus & Son.

For Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty go to A. Kraus.

Delicious ice-cream at Jensen's, next to the Opera House.

L. Fournier went to Saginaw, yesterday, on a business trip.

Misses Jones and McKenzie started for Cleveland, yesterday.

Alabastine in all colors, for sale by Albert Kraus.

Born—Saturday, Aug. 10, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. W. Slusser.

The masons are now working ten hours per day on the Court House.

Miss Alice Culver is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. L. Alexander.

Dr. and Mrs. S. N. Insley took in the excursion to Bay City last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Meyers returned from their eastern trip, last Saturday.

County Treasurer J. J. Coventry returned from his visit south, Sunday morning.

Remember the Epworth League social to-morrow evening, at the home of Mrs. H. Trumley.

Melvin Bates and Geo. L. Alexander have gone to Standish to vote for Judge Sharpe today.

If you want the best Sewing Machine buy the Singer. Sold on easy payments by A. Kraus.

Miss Nettie Robinson is home from Owosso for a visit with her parents and friends in Grayling.

Miss Flora Marvin and her sister, Mrs. A. L. Trumley, are visiting in Maple Forest this week.

For Sale—A good four year old horse, sound and allright. Henry Funck, South Branch.

A social dance was given at the home of H. Feldhauser, east of Grayling, Saturday evening.

Gasoline Range, latest invention, for sale cheap, at R. Meyers. Also a wood heating stove cheap.

Married—Tuesday, Aug. 13th, Miss Anna Michelson and Thos. E. Ingley, Justice McCullough officiating.

Rev. Stephen Vaughan, of Lewiston, will exchange pulpits with Rev. A. O. Alexander next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chalker, of Maple Forest, were in town over Sunday, the guests of M. A. Bates.

The Epworth League will give an Experience Social at the home of Mrs. H. Trumley, to-morrow evening, August 23rd.

Detroit White Lead Works
Paints and Varnishes, guaranteed the best in the market, at A. Kraus'.

Stops the Cough and works off Cold
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

O. Palmer is attending the session of the State Board of Auditors, at Lansing, this week, in the interest of the county.

The Annual Farmer's Pic Nic will be held on the grounds, Thursday, Sep. 5th. Prepare for it in time, and help make it a success.

For Sale—An undivided one-half interest in the store on Main street known as the Rose and Woodworth building. Mrs. Arthur Evans.

Everyone is invited to attend the Epworth League social to-morrow evening. Refreshments, 10 cents for all who have not earned 50 cents.

To Cure A Cold In One Day
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The M. C. will give a ten-day excursion to Mackinaw City and Mackinac Island, Thursday, Aug. 20th. Round-trip from Grayling, \$2.50 and \$3.50.

For School Books, Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, Inks, in fact everything in the line of school supplies, call at Fournier's Drug Store.

Two representatives of the State Tax Commission have been looking over property in this vicinity during the past week, and comparing with the assessment rolls.

Mrs. C. V. R. Pond, President of the W. B. C. of Michigan, passed through here, Monday evening, en route to Marquette. She was met at the depot by a number of her friends.

Republican County Convention.

Mrs. A. Kraus and her son Emil are visiting in Lansing, this week.

L. N. Chamberlin and family started for their vacation to-day. They will take in the Pay on the way.

A number of our citizens went to Beaver Creek yesterday, to help comrade J. C. Felling raise a big barn. He will need it for his crops.

Mrs. A. J. McLellan, of Manistique is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Woodburn, and other friends in Grayling. She is on her way to Detroit to visit her sister, Mrs. Wm. Marsh.

The delegations from every town in the county was full at the convention, last Saturday, showing the interest of our people in the coming congressional contest. Hurrah for Sharpe!

Frank Bell, Prosecuting Attorney of Marquette county, was in town last week and met a hearty greeting from old friends. He was enroute to Lansing where he will represent his county before the State Board of Equalization.

A letter from Mrs. Mattie Rodrick, who was visiting here this summer with her sister, Mrs. Mattie Cowell, says they are nicely settled again in their Montana home enjoying life there and the memory of their visit here.

W. Havens and wife with Misses Daisy Havens and Frieda Niles went to Buffalo, last Tuesday, for the exposition. Mr. Havens and family will visit the old home before returning, and he will enjoy a reunion with his old regiment.

Ava Parrish, of Monroe, Indiana, a hobo, while stealing a ride on the train, had the misfortune to get his foot caught between the bumpers. He was brought here and is a guest of the Superintendents of the Poor at the poor-house. He has a badly injured foot.

There are a great many fruit trees in Grayling just beginning to bear, but the owners get no benefit from them as the fruit is taken off by children, and even grown persons, who ought to know better. An example should be made of the elder as a warning to the others.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by L. Fournier.

Chas. F. Kelley, of Frederic, has moved his store to the north, and connecting with it is building a new store 25x50 feet, 24 feet high, which will give him a double store with ample room for his increasing business. He has now completed two neat tenant houses and a large warehouse.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holliday, of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by L. Fournier.

The Republican caucus, Friday evening, was called to order by the chairman of the township committee, C. T. Jerome was elected chairman, J. C. Hanson, secretary, and J. L. Colten and A. Brink, tellers. The following delegates were then elected to attend the county convention: R. Hanson, M. A. Bates, Geo. L. Alexander, J. J. Colten, H. A. Bauman, J. L. Michelson, J. K. Hanson, G. W. Comer, W. Blanshan, Thos. Cruteau, J. J. Niederman, R. P. Forbes, J. C. Hanson, W. Woodburn, A. Brink, P. Aebli, J. H. Trumley and O. Palmer.

The AVALANCHE has always advocated the patronizing of home merchants and dealers, and condemning the practice of going out of town to trade, or patronizing mail order department stores in large cities, but there are exceptions to the rule, and reasons for doing otherwise. Many home merchants do not fully advertise their goods so the buyer may know that he can obtain what he wants at home while the city catalogues are sent out broadcast. A merchant, for some personal dissatisfaction with his publisher, withdraws his ad from the home paper and sends his jobwork to the city, and then kicks; if the editor does not trade at his store, or if he admits foreign adds to the paper. A good rule ought to work both ways.

WANTED—Trustworthy men and women to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary \$750 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Cayton Building, Chicago. ap116mo

School Books!

The Republican county convention for the election of delegates to the Congressional convention, met in the Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, August 17th, and was called to order by the chairman of the county committee, who after reading the call, on request of the committee called J. Hanson to act as temporary chairman. On motion the chair was instructed to appoint the secretary and three committees. J. C. Hanson was appointed secretary, M. A. Bates, H. Fournier and Geo. Johnson, committee on organization; J. K. Bates, W. S. Chalker and Wm. Blanshan, committee on credentials; O. Palmer, C. F. Kelley and J. J. Niederman, committee on resolutions.

A recess of ten minutes was then taken to give the committees time to prepare their reports. The committees on organization and credentials reported, which reports were accepted and adopted. F. L. Michelson and A. Brink were appointed tellers, officers were sworn in, and on motion the roll was called and all delegates found to be present. On motion a ballot was taken for first delegate to the convention which resulted as follows: Whole number of votes cast, 35, of which M. A. Bates received 20 and Geo. L. Alexander 15. M. A. Bates, having received a majority of all the votes cast was declared elected.

On motion a ballot was taken for second delegate which resulted as follows: Geo. L. Alexander receiving 22 votes and C. F. Kelley 13. Geo. L. Alexander was then declared duly elected.

The committee on resolutions then reported the following, which were on motion accepted and adopted.

WHEREAS, the representation of the 10th district of Michigan in the Congress of the United States is made vacant by the sudden death of Hon. R. O. Crump; who for more than three terms had ably cared for the interests of his constituents, and who had received their earnest support, and

WHEREAS, we are called in convention to elect delegates who will assist in the nomination of his successor, therefore:

Resolved, that we pledge ourselves as republicans and loyal citizens of the Union to so work that in the future in the past our Representative shall uphold the principles of the party as presented by the administration of President McKinley, and in so doing shall receive our undivided support.

C. PALMER, Sec'y.
O. F. KELLEY, Com.
J. J. NIEDERER

There being no further business to come before the convention, it was, on motion, adjourned.

R. HANSON, Chairman.
J. C. HANSON, Sec.

What A Tale It Tells.
If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble, but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Fournier's drug store.

A western editor said in his paper that silver buckles on garters were becoming fashionable, and he hoped to see more of them. His wife sued for a divorce, and the woman in town who had silver buckles on their garters cowbird the editor until he was as raw as a potato.

Astounded The Editor.
Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and after using four bottles she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Fournier's drug store.

Complaint was made last Sunday of a gang of boys and young men playing ball in the immediate vicinity of dwellings, accompanying the play with immoderate noise and wonderful profanity. The Sunday law should be enforced, at least that those having respect for the sabbath day should not be needlessly disturbed.

They Struck It Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as L. Fournier secures the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvelous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and \$1.00.

School Books!

Fournier's Drug Store

Is headquarters for Schoolbooks, Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, Inks, etc., including everything in the line of School Supplies. The finest line of Tablets ever brought to Grayling.

LUCIEN FOURNIER,

Druggist, Grayling, Mich.

Photographs

That pleases, At The

IMPERIAL ART STUDIO,

Grayling, Michigan.

Get my prices on Picture Frames. Portraits enlarged in Crayon, India Ink, Pastel, Water Color and Oil.

Co Buffalo and Return.

To the Pan-American Exposition, from Grayling via, Michigan Central R. R.:
30 days ticket \$19.50
15 " " 14.00
10 " " 12.20
The 10 and 15 days tickets good to go or return by steamers one way from or to Detroit.

Good Advice.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. More than seventy-five percent of the people of the United States are afflicted with this two diseases and their effects, such as sour stomach, sick headache, habitual constipation, palpitation of the heart, heart burn, water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, etc. Go to your druggist, and get a bottle of Anker-Pain-Expeller. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. Get Green's Price Almanac. For sale at Fournier's Drug Store.

Farmers Pic Nic.

The Annual Farmer's Pic Nic will be held on the grounds, Thursday, Sep. 5th, 1901. Dinner promptly at noon; program at 2 o'clock. Bring your basket. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

P. OSTRANDER, Pres.
CHAS. WALDRON, Sec'y.

WANTED—Trustworthy men and women, to travel and advertise for old established house of solid financial standing. Salary \$750 a year and expenses, all payable in cash. No canvassing required. Give references and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Manager, 355 Cayton Bldg., Chicago.

Notice to Trespassers.

I hereby forbid any trespass on my fruit trees and garden produce. Hereafter trespassers will be prosecuted. CHRIS. HENNINGSON.

Wanted.

Reliable man for manager of branch office we wish to open in this vicinity. If your record is O. K. here is an opportunity. Kindly give good reference when writing. Illustrated catalogue in stamps. The A. T. Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. 16b21-125

Miss Maud Tuttle entertained Mr. S. Hanson and Miss Bekker, Mr. Axel Bekker and Miss Eva Woodburn, at Grayling, the first of the week. Wednesday they drove out to Johanna where Mr. Bekker is employed.—Ot. Co. Herald.

To Save Her Child.

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nanette Gallagher, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklin's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by L. Fournier, druggist.

The census bureau at Washington has issued a bulletin of the population of Michigan. It shows 1,248,000 males and 1,172,077 females; 1,879,329 are native born people, and 541,653 foreign born.

"My baby was terribly sick with Diarrhoea," says J. H. Doak, of Williams, Oregon. "We were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure. For sale by L. Fournier.

Watch this Space

FOR

Bargains next Week.

Respectfully Yours

BLUMENTHAL & BAUMGART.

Advertisers of Facts.

The One Price for All Store.

Grayling, Mich.

J. W. SORENSON.

Furniture and Carpets.

UNDERTAKER.

GRAYLING, MICH.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Those seeking good and reliable Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes are sure to experience satisfaction in trading with us.

Nothing of doubtful or inferior quality can have a place in our store.

We have just received a full and up-to-date line of Dress Goods, and invite every one to give us a call. Prices are comparatively lowest here.

Depend upon getting here what you want; you are only paying what you should.

Truly it may be said this is "The Satisfaction Store."

Respectfully

A. KRAUS & SON.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON,"
"The Best On Wheels,"

CLIPPER PLOW, or a
GALE PLOW, or a
HARROW, (Spoke, Spring or Wheel.)
CULTIVATOR or WHEEL HOE,
Or Any Implement Made

A CHAMPION BINDER,
Or MOWER, DAISY HAY RAKE,
Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,
Call at the Warehouse in rear of Avalanche Office
O. PALMER.

THE SEASTRESS.
The room is poor, bare floor and broken wall.
But through the glass that holds a city scene,
A dozen roofs, bright sky and distant green,
Come floods of sunshine streaming over all.
My gold, a sweet voice says. With rise and fall
Of a white hand, great gorgeous flowers are seen
To slowly blossom on a silken screen,
From beneath a pittance, the embroiderer's all.

All? Nay, blue airy breaths to her belong,
Amber and rubies that the sunshine yields.
On her, fair across none can do her wrong;
She reaps with poet, sights a hundred fields.
More precious is her dower than wealth of kings.
She finds her riches in all common things.
Mary F. Butts, in *Good Housekeeping*.

Thrilling Story of a Lion Hunt.

The brown, rugged rocks, devoid of vegetation, and heated by centuries of tropical sunshine, breathed forth their concentrated heat upon man and beast. Between the barren foothills stretches of white sand bled, and shimmered, while occasional eddies of furnace-heated air came down from above and raised spectral dust spouts, which raced along the desert until lost in the white haze above the irregular line of horizon. Over all the remorseless sun glittered and burned—burned as only the midday sun can burn in the meads of Western Somali Land, writes in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, Art S. Jennings, engineer for the De Beers Diamond Company.

"Son of my honored father!" cried the Somali guide, who usually replenished his stock of courage and endurance (and egoism) by swearing by himself. "This is most bad, Sahib Jennings; will we ever reach the bad country alive?"

"Yes, never fear," answered I, although my own supply of hope had been rapidly diminishing. "As I live, I believe these are the Ka Dig el Mada! If it is so, we will find fresh water and green grass before to-morrow noon."

The caravan had stopped for a brief rest on the summit of one of the numerous small elevations, and as I spoke I pointed to the south, where the dim outlines of two slender peaks were visible above the horizon; at the same time I drew the lead glass from its sheath as my side and raised it to my eyes. When the powerful lens brought almost to my very feet the country lying fifty or more miles distant, I involuntarily uttered a cry of joy. "They are the Madas, for a certainty, for I can see the Ura-Nibo (clear water). Juno, we shall soon be out of the desert!"

"Allah! Allah!" breathed the guide, while the remainder of the Somalis faced the sun and offered thankful prayers to the Deliverer for the welcome news. Then followed a renewed cracking of keddah whips as the jaded pack and saddle animals were urged over the rough ground.

The expedition into the Karima country had ended in dismal failure. Not only had we failed to find the immense deposits of friable ore which the manager of the De Beers Company (John Hays Hammond) had believed were located there, but on the return trip our Somali guide had lost his bearings, and for nearly a week we had wandered aimlessly about the semi-desert. Four of our donkeys had died of "shagga" (rickets), and our supply of water was almost exhausted.

As we slowly progressed toward the south the soil became more and more fertile, the desert being in time replaced by a rolling, grassy plain in which the gray sage brush and scattered acacia gave place to mesquite and "dhoro" bushes. Just before sunset we encamped near a small wadi, which was caused by a periodical spring, from which the water oozed in a fitful stream. By scraping a hole in the hard soil we soon had a pool of muddy water for the animals, and after a few minutes' work with a filter had cleaned enough for our own use.

The night came on with usual tropical swiftness, the gray dusk being replaced by inky darkness. My men had collected enough dry wood to build a camp-fire, around which they now sat cheerfully eating their dates and rice. The starlight shone dimly on the long necks and misshapen backs of the camels, and showed faintly the solitary, white-clad figure of the sentry at the head of the outposts of the camp, crooning to himself a mournful Nataka-bale song. Soon they had finished eating and were stretched at full length about the fire, while the silence of the jungle crept over all—a silence broken at intervals by the melancholy cry of a jackal or the weird howl of a hyena, sounding as though they were miles and miles away.

"I was rapidly passing into dreamland when, following a period of intense silence, came a far-away, deep, moaning sound. While by no means loud or startling, it brought me wide awake and sitting upright on my cot, my nerves tingling with excitement; it was the awakening roar of a lion!"

Excited voices from the direction of the camp-fire indicated my men had heard the ominous sound and were wide awake in consequence; a moment later I could hear them piling dry brushwood on the smoldering coals. The deep, rumbling roars were repeated at intervals, apparently growing nearer and fading away in the same moaning note. Finally an interminable time elapsed—a creepy shiver, in which the men hid about the blazing camp-fire. Suddenly there was the sound of a brute's heavy gallop over the sand between the wadi and our camp, a mighty roar followed by a third, as a donkey was felled to the ground, while his dying lay rang out pitifully on the night air; a slight noise of struggle—a few more stifled brays—and then silence, followed a moment later by the sound of a heavy body being dragged across the sand.

After the first shock of excitement I had grasped my rifle and run toward the men. When the lion began to drag

the carcass of the donkey into the brush I moved instinctively toward the sound, at which the guide cried quickly, "Kadabbar, sabib! bara kahin janwar!" (Have care, sir! A very dangerous animal!) I turned to uphold them for their cowardice in permitting the lion to take one of our pack animals before their very eyes, but remembering that the Somali has an inherent fear of the lion, I thought better of it and returned to my tent, resolving to square accounts with the marauder on the morrow if he could be found.

I was awakened at sunrise the following morning, and, rubbing my eyes sleepily, found the darkness and the lion had faded away together, while the wadi was alive with the notes of birds and wild fowl. After a hasty breakfast I filled my jacket pocket with cartridges and, accompanied by the Somali guide, Juno (who was an unusually expert tracker and hunter), started on the spoor of the lion. At the end of a mile we came upon the half-eaten carcass of the donkey, lying at the edge of a small thicket. A lion's careful reconnoitering convinced us the lion was not in the immediate neighborhood, and after a little we found his trail, leading away from the thicket. It had rained lightly during the early morning, and we found it exceedingly difficult to follow the spoor over the sand, which was covered with a thin growth of grass. When we had followed it for a mile or more, it finally led toward a large thicket, some 200 or more yards in diameter, which was surrounded with a margin of tall, dry jungle grass.

"Lion there, sure, sabib!" whispered the Somali, who had been following the (to me) obliterated spoor with all the caution and skill of a bloodhound. "One of us must go to the other side, and the other go on from the front, so he will not pass through."

"You may go around," I replied, and after examining my rifle to make sure it was in perfect order, I cautiously approached the thicket.

I could at first see no sign of the lion, and was about to call to the Somali, when I suddenly went out the backs of two large yellow animals, nearly hidden in the tall grass, and a moment later discovered there were two cubs with them. They were evidently disturbed, and were gazing in the direction taken by the Somali, not apparently having noticed me. A moment later a fine lion sprang out in the open, and, seeing me, less than fifty paces distant, gave a low growl and disappeared into the thick brush. The other, a lioness, stood looking about, evidently reluctant to leave her cubs. She was watching me closely, giving me an occasional side view of her teeth as she emitted a kind of whin in growl.

A lion's yellow eyes are singularly impressive, especially if they happen to be watching you, some fifty yards distant, with only the open level ground between. They incline one to discretion, and it was with the utmost caution I approached nearer in order to get within shooting distance, my eyes following my every move as I did so, and watching intently on my part for the first sign of a coming charge. When I had arrived to within perhaps twenty yards, she turned in the direction of the thicket, giving me an excellent view of her side, and aiming at the point of her shoulder, I pressed the trigger. With a loud roar she sprang into the air and seemed to fairly fly back through her hair. I quickly threw in another cartridge and fired at her side just as she disappeared into the thicket, and a second later heard the roar of the Somali's elephant gun on the opposite side, followed by the roar of a lion. Hastening around, I came on the scene just in time to see the old fellow on one knee in the act of discharging his second barrel into the very mouth of the lion, which was charging straight for him.

As he fired he sprang quickly to one side, while the beast turned a complete somersault, but was on its feet in an instant and stood wavering, evidently too sick to attempt another charge. I was about to fire when it fell over on its side and, after several attempts to regain its feet, dropped back—dead. After making sure it was done for, we retraced our steps to the opposite side of the thicket and cautiously approached the place where the lioness had disappeared. We had not proceeded far when we came upon her, lying across a small pool of water formed by a feeble spring, breathing her life out, so nearly dead she was unable to rise at our approach.

A ball between the eye and ear ended her agony, and for a time I stood lost in admiration of her graceful proportions, with the mighty muscles beneath the glossy skin, when my attention was attracted to the Somali, who was trying to capture the cubs. Although they were very small—not much larger than kittens, in fact—there was much infantile growling and scratching before he finally succeeded in making them prisoners. When he had at last lured the cub under each arm we started for camp, meeting several of our men on the way, who I sent back to remove the pelts from the lions. When we arrived at camp I fastened the young lions to the center-pole of my tent, intending to try to keep them alive on condensed milk, of which we had a supply. I finally induced them to drink this after diluting it with water and adding a flour made of pounded rice grains, and they were both in good health on my arrival at Johannesburg a month later. I gave them to the wife of the manager of the De Beers Company, who afterwards presented them to the Royal Gardens at Cape Town.

Poison From Plants.
While on the matter of summer poisoning it is not amiss to remind mothers that a strict rule should be enforced among children in regard to nibbling any plants or berries while abroad in the fields and woods. The department of agriculture finds on investigation that many poisonous plants and growths are indigenous to the United States. Many of them are familiar, and their malignant properties have been heretofore suspected. The safest rule is one that is entirely prohibitory, so far as chewing leaves of blouses of any plants, wild or cultivated. One common plant, the fly of the valley, carries a strong poison in its leaf and flower, if either is eaten. A safe general rule is to put no leaf or bloom in the mouth, and even to generous inhalation is unwise. The charm of blossom and foliage can be enjoyed to the full without contact with the face and lips.—*New York Post*.



THE ENQUIRING CHICK.
"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the oldest Chick, "Why can't I grow like Pa?"
As "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-do!"
"Because, my son, you're much too young,"
Replied his fond mamma.

"Why can't I swim?" then asked the Chick.
"Of most inquiring mind."
"Because, my dear," his mother said, "You weren't that way designed." (Fit answers for her son and her! Were sometimes hard to find.)

"But what makes ducklings swim, mamma?"
"And why don't they get drowned?"
"Because they're ducklings, to be sure,"
Said Mrs. Hen, and frowned.
Her arguments were not, I fear,
Remarkably profound.

"And how is—?" But the Chick's mamma
With great annoyance said:
"Your questions, child, are quite enough."
To turn the wisest head.
And then, with an indignant cluck,
She drove him into bed.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A CAT WHO EARN'S A SALARY.
Ten dollars for food for an office cat is the most curious allowance ever made by a postmaster general. And such was the item which was sanctioned the other day by Postmaster-General Smith at Washington. Ten dollars for food for the office cat at St. Paul.

The St. Paul postoffice is an old building, and so filled with mice and rats that the cat has plenty of work to do keeping these little creatures in order. They say that the cat is the hardest-worked member of the force and the most necessary.

When the item was read by the postal authorities at Washington there was a hearty laugh. But later when they read the explanation which accompanied the bill everyone, from the postmaster general to the office boy, agreed that it was quite right that the cat should be fed at the expense of the Government. This is one of the very few instances on record where a cat has been placed on Uncle Sam's pay roll.

AN ANT FOR A PET.
One of the queerest little pets ever seen is the tame ant belonging to a well known scientist. This man keeps tribes of ants in nests which he has made himself, and feeds them with honey or sugar through a tube that connects with the nest. One day he saw that one of the ants kept coming into the tube to eat up the honey in the glass bulb at the end. When he took out the cork that closed the bulb, the insect came to look for the food, and he offered it some honey on the point of a needle.

The ant shrunk back at first, then drew nearer, feeling about with its antennae, until it reached the needle. Soon it learned to take the honey off its keeper's finger, although ants are among the most timid of living things, and a new odor, or the least movement outside their nests, usually drives these little insects away.

This ant is now so tame that it quits the bulb as soon as the cork is removed, and goes to find the honey on the scientist's finger. When its meal is over it goes to its nest, and carries it back to its nest.—*New York Tribune*.

CORN HUSK DOLLS.
A doll of corn husks; did you ever hear of any such thing? And yet there is a woman in Kansas, where the corn grows, who makes a living by fashioning these dolls. When she was a very little girl Miss Nellie Morrison could make the dearest dolls that you ever saw. "She tied the pretty brown husks together, with a round ball at the top for a head, and such a fluff of dainty petticoats. With some corn silk for hair and eyes of tiny black seeds the dollie was done and there was not a little girl in the neighborhood but wanted a whole family like her," says the *Chicago Chronicle*.

Now that Miss Morrison is a young lady she makes corn husk dolls for money instead of for fun and thousands of little girls all over the country have been made happy by them. Her fame and the fame of her dolls has gone far and wide and the demand for them is always greater than the supply.

She is kept busy day and night supplying the demand. She has sent the queer dolls to Germany and France and recently shipped a large lot to England. She says she does not know exactly how many dolls she has made, but the number would run into the thousands.

Miss Morrison uses about as many husks as are found on an ordinary ear of corn to make each doll. The cob serves for the body. The face is covered with a husk and the features painted on. The dress is a full skirt of husks, with a shirtwaist and Eton jacket. A corn husk each encircles the waist. That is a big scoop bonnet trimmed with tassels. In her right hand the doll holds a dainty parasol made of firm straw with a particularly silky husk for a cover.

ese officials, and in due time was requested to prepare a prospectus of his system to be submitted to the Mikado. Its value was at once recognized, and its adoption ordered. Bryan was placed at the head of the new department, with a salary of eleven thousand dollars a year; and entrusted with the negotiation of a postal treaty between Japan and the United States. A few months later he was back in Washington as the envoy of the Japanese government, treating on equal terms with the man who had dismissed him for incompetency. The treaty which he negotiated with skill and diplomacy, proved satisfactory to all concerned. Bryan remained some fifteen years in the service of the Japanese government. He then returned to the United States, a rich man. It is interesting to conjecture what his career might have been, had he not lost his place in the postoffice department.—*Success*.

FOUR ON A FLOAT.
"Come, Bessie," said Hal to his little cousin who was visiting him. "Come and see our kitten."
"Why, Hal, you haven't got any kitten. I've been stung here on whole day and I ought to know. You're only fooling me," cried Bessie indignantly.
"Cross my heart, Bessie. I'll show you the kittens; just come along." So the two ran outdoors and Hal led the way to the river, where a pretty boat-house stood at the edge of the water. Several row boats were tied to the float in front of the house. As they stepped on the float, Hal picked up a crab net made of mosquito netting.

"What have you got that net for?" asked Bessie.
"Just you wait and see," said her cousin. Then he called, "Here, kit, kit, kitty," and two of the dearest little kittens ran out of the boat-house. One was all black and the other was gray with a white spot on its throat.

"This is Maltie," said Hal. "The other is Smut."
Bessie clapped her hands with delight, but she soon found that these wild kits could not be petted like her own old pussy. When she tried to cuddle Smut he gave her hand a long, red scratch, so that she dropped him pretty quickly.
"Now, let's give them their supper," said Hal. He dropped a clam into the mosquito net and lowered it into the water. Bessie nursed her sore hand and watched to see what would happen. Soon she saw the "minnies" crowd into the net, and when Hal thought he had enough he quickly scooped them up.

And then there was a feast for the kits. How fast they did eat! It seemed almost no time before the fishes were all gone, and Bessie said, "Let me catch some this time."
So another batch was caught, and the kits made short work of those, too.

"Now they've had enough," said Hal. "We don't want them to get sick."
"How greedy they are," Bessie said, stroking the gray kitten, which was not so wild as the other.
"They've lived here ever since they were born," said Hal, as he teased the black one. "You ought to see Smut try to catch fish. He leans over the edge of the float and watches for 'minnies.' But he never catches anything, 'cause he's afraid to wet his paws," and the boy gave a chuckle.

"There, I heard Aunt Louise calling us," said Bessie. "Goodbye, kitties, we're going to get our supper, too. Race you up to the house, Hal!"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

COMFORT FROM ELECTRICITY.
How Greatly It Aids Men to Endure the Heated Term's Agonies.

The hot weather, to equal which in intensity the meteorological authorities have had no going back, year after year, many migrations that were not available to the last generation; and they were largely of an electrical nature. For example, great use was made of the telephone, enabling men to sit in their offices or country homes and transact business at a distance without any necessity to trudge the Saharan streets. They say the ordeal is a trying one at such seasons to the little telephone girl, but she does her work bravely and well. Then there is the fan motor, bringing "sed-breezes" into the hottest buildings. Their popularity was immense, as a relief to weary people, and the market was soon swept bare of them. We have heard of one society woman who, with a member of her family under the weather, went to an electrical store and, being told all the fans in sight were sold, laid violent hands on one and refused to be comforted until she was allowed to carry it away in perspiring triumph in her carriage.

As for the electric light, that has long been a familiar boon, but one needs to get out in the country or by the sea-side, where only oil lamps and candles are available, to realize once more how grateful and cool the little incandescent lamp is. Moreover, in town the ice cream freezer or the electric stove can be run from the same circuit as the lamp, and in the holiday wilds, brute force and fire again are disagreeable necessities. The wonder is that electricity is still so little known and used outside the towns and cities. It is most needed by the sad sea waves and amid the cornfields and potato patches.

Perhaps the biggest electric boon of all, in such calculating weather as this which has been the subject of so much flustering comment recently, is the trolley car. All the street railway companies report a busy time, and their employees were worked to the point of exhaustion. Any cursory glance at the cars will show that the travel is quite largely of a recreative character, especially in the hot nights, when entire families with the latest ailing little baby board the cars to go for a fifteen-mile swift cruise for five cents a head—for the adults. The sick man does not now take up his bed and walk. He gets relief these summer nights by jumping on the first trolley car and leaving his bed behind him. The trolley car thus does an immense for the suffering population that which electricity does more individually for members of the community who can each pay for a telephone, a lamp, a fan motor, and a freezer for themselves. Great indeed is electricity in the dog days!

A natural well or cavity has been discovered in the Alps by a French mountain climber. It has been sounded a far as 1,027 feet, but the bottom has not yet been found.

Some people never accomplish anything because they have too much patience with themselves.

8,000 MILES TO WAKE A MAN.

Message Crosses the Ocean Twice to Rouse a Sleeping Operator.

Out among the beautiful green groves of Northampton, Mass., says the Boston Globe, lives Dr. C. H. Crosby, who was once the champion telephone operator of America. He is an M.D. with a large practice, a member of two or three clubs and a prominent secret society man, who has quite outlived the days when the "key" was his constant companion.

Once in a while, however, of an evening when cigars are lit and the company is of the right order he can be induced to tell a good story. Perhaps the rarest of the lot, one that has never been printed, although lots of them have found their way about, is about the time when the French cable people telegraphed 8,000 miles to have him waked up when he was asleep in the next room, not twenty feet away from the operator who received the message.

The French line from this country stretched from Duxbury by way of Newfoundland to Brest, in France. Dr. Crosby was the responsible night man in the lookout at Duxbury. It was a night in October and the future disciple of Galen had taken his usual station at the key. Between the hours of 8 and 1, when the foreign news known in those days as Reuger's cablegrams used to come over the wires, there was usually very little doing, and he dropped off in a doze.

At 9 o'clock the New York office called him. They had a private message for transmission.

"Tick" went the little tormenter, under his nose, but the operator heard it not. After hammering away in vain for several minutes the New York operator gave up and thought a minute. There was but one way out of it. The receiving end of the line was in the next room to that of the missing operator, and there was a man in charge who could undoubtedly tell what was wrong.

To reach him an inquiry would have to be sent the whole length of the company's circuit, a matter of 8,000 miles or so. So calling up North Sydney, at Cape Breton, he began his task.

From Cape Breton the inquiry was flashed to Heart's Content, on the bleak coast of Newfoundland, thence across the Atlantic Ocean to Valentia, on the southwest coast of Ireland, and so across the English Channel to Brest. From the end of the route it was doubled back to St. Pierre, at Montserrat, so slanted down to Duxbury. The whole matter took only about fifteen minutes.

At about twenty minutes past 9 the man in charge of the French end of the wire, whose table was not more than twenty feet from the sleeping operator in the next room, began to get intelligence. He had in a few seconds recorded this somewhat surprising message: "Go into the next room and wake the man there."

Crosby was aroused at once and the position explained to him, when he picked up his key and the business of two hemispheres was again resumed.

Flies' Eyes.
Whoever thinks the male superior animal finds no rest for the sole of his foot in the contemplation of what we, in the sublimity of our self-conceit, call the lower animals. In our general ignorance of the housefly we do not know just how foolish and no-account the male is, but we may reasonably infer that his eyes are so close together that they touch each other. That's always a bad sign. If you see anybody with eyes close together you are entitled to think little of his intelligence.

The fly has two sorts of eyes, the big compound ones, 4,000 in a bunch on each side of the head, for knocking about in the daylight, and three simple eyes on the top of the head for use in a poor light, sewing and fine print. Before going into ecstasies of admiration over the creature that has 4,000 eyes on each side of its head it might be well to remember that they are not of much account. In case of old flies kept over winter, the compound eyes cave in and get broken, yet the fly seems to get along and find food. One kind gentleman vanished over the simple eyes and stuck the wings of some flies. He found that he might hold a candle close enough to burn the compound eyes of the fly before it had a suspicion that anything out of the common was going on.

In daylight he took a knitting needle and brought it up in front of the fly close enough to touch its antennae before it dodged. If the knitting needle was brought up on one side, Mr. Fly picked up his sticking plasters quite lively.—*Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's*.

Siberian Labor Cheap and Efficient.
Labor, its cost and kind, is an important factor in the future development of Siberia's mineral wealth. Prices paid for labor in Russia and Siberia are exceedingly low—from fifteen cents a day in the region of the southern Urals, where much grain is raised and where the country is thickly settled, to \$1.50 a day in northern and eastern Siberia, in the regions of intense cold, and where the mines are remote from the sources of supply. In all cases the laborers feed themselves. The reason of the cheapness of mining labor in Siberia is that the wants of the people are few. The workmen are of the peasant class, and it may be said that the larger proportion of them can neither read nor write. Their food consists of mutton, black bread, domestic fowls, eggs, milk and tea. Most of the necessities of life are supplied by their own farms or gardens, and their purchases, besides tea, sugar and vodka (the national stimulant), are few. Their clothes cost little and their enjoyments are usually limited to the celebration of the numerous civil and religious holidays by mutual visiting and the consumption, in greater or less quantities, of vodka. In no country can be found men who more cheerfully sustain the hard labor, privation and sudden and severe changes of climate than the Russian and Siberian peasants.

Lord Roberts' Novels.
Never sukes.
Never has patience with those who drink to excess.
Never uses an oath.
Never parades his piety.
Never forgets a name or face.
Never passes a comrade.
Never forgets to thank those who serve him.
Never omits to return a salutation.
Never neglects to give praise where praise is due.—*St. James's Gazette*.

INSPECTED BY AN INSPECTOR.

Just the Man the Montana Postmaster Had Been Looking For.

Omaha was headquarters for this entire district a few years ago. The chief inspector there was informed that a postmaster in Montana was not sending in reports of his office receipts, etc. Repeated letters and warnings had no effect, the postmaster was silent.

At length the indignant chief detailed Inspector Furay to go to Montana and investigate the strange silence. After a long and tedious ride by rail and stage Furay arrived at the provoking post-office. There were two dwellings in the town—but two men. One of the small houses was stocked with a few dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. Furay entered and saw a lank individual on top of a counter. Furay asked where the post-office was.

"Right here," said the tall man, puffing his pipe.

"Who is the postmaster?" asked Furay.

"I be," was the indifferent response. "Is there any mail here for me? My name is Furay."

"Luk yonder fer yerself," responded the postmaster, with another puff at his pipe, and he pointed to a box at the other end of the counter. The inspector did so, and then asked if the postal business there was always conducted in such a manner.

"Why, suitably," said the lank smoker.

The inspector then announced himself and proceeded in vigorous terms to state the law regarding the handling of mail, and the absurdity of allowing people to pick out their own letters.

"What yer goin' to do about it?" queried the postmaster, calmly.

The inspector stated sharply that if necessary he could revoke the postmaster's commission at once, etc.

"Could yer take this year office away from me immediately?" asked the postmaster in surprise.

"Of course I could," replied the inspector tartly. "If you had read the regulations you'd know that."

"Wal," said the postmaster, straightening up suddenly and placing his hand on his hip pocket in a suggestive way—"wal, I'll jes' give yer ten minutes to take it away then. Yer the fellow I've been waitin' fer six years. Now, I kin git rid of this year, blamed post-office, an' I'll do it. Take it away, Mister Inspector, if ye value health and happiness. After six years I'll git shut of this office. Hoorah! Now be quick!"

Arguments were futile. Furay took it away, and the only other man in town, who had been declared the honor of being postmaster, the inspector, discontinued the office, which accommodated out eight people.—*Denver Post*.

SAVED BY ANOTHER BEAR.
One Bear Was Drowning His Mate When a Third Interfered.

But for the energetic and almost human action of one of the bears in the cage at City Park yesterday afternoon, there would have been a death by drowning in the colony. One of the bears in the cage held the head of another under the water until the first was nearly asphyxiated, and would probably have had the victim there all he died had not a third bear in the cage become alarmed at the struggles of the drowning animal and rushed to the rescue, getting him out of the water barely in time to save his life.

As the water-soaked brute was nearly smothered and the rescuing bear had to roll him about considerably before he showed any signs of life. After he had recovered, the beast which nearly caused the casualty became conscience-stricken over the possible serious results of his prank and during the rest of the afternoon showed by his deferential manner and solicitous demeanor that he was thoroughly penitent.

There are seven animals in the bear pit at the park, three being on one side and four on the other. During the heated weather a hose is sprayed constantly into the pit. On one side of the pit is a trough which is full of water and in which the bears roll and toss throughout the day. Yesterday afternoon two of the three bears in one compartment, after playing around in the water, where they continued cluffing and hauling each other about evidently in play. After a scuffle one got the other's head in his paw and, throwing the weight of his body on him, pushed his body, head and all, under the water, holding it there firmly. The victim struggled hard, but the top bear had him absolutely under control and he was unable to raise his head out of the water to breathe. The third bear watched the antics of the top bear for some time in an apparent disinterested manner until it appeared to suddenly dawn upon him that there was some danger.

Then he jumped into the trough and, pushing the top bear away, dragged the recumbent and almost lifeless form of the under animal out of the trough onto the cement floor of the cage.

For a short time it appeared as though the bear was really dead, and the offending bear was commencing to whine pitifully when the nearly drowned animal snorted and opened his eyes. Within half an hour all was serene in the cage, but the two bears did not play in the water any more.—*Denver Republican*.



NOTES AND COMMENTS.
Frenchmen have decided that baseball is too dangerous and rough to succeed their national game of duelling.

Baron Krupp, head of the great cannon works at Essen, is reported to be worth \$5,250,000. If he is not careful he may "die disgraced."

If young Mr. Vanderbilt wants to write his name large on the roll of railroad inventors he has only to invent a car with shade on both sides of the aisle.

There is only one lighthouse in Alaska. That is a little concern of the "hug" light description, which is at Sitka. Navigators in that region are, however, glad of even this small favor.

West Virginia increased forty per cent in population between 1870 and 1880; twenty-three per cent between 1880 and 1890; and twenty-five per cent between 1890 and 1900, but it is outside of Wheeling, lacking in large cities, having no other city of as much as 12,000 population.

A year ago an American dollar in Brazil was worth approximately eight milreis. Owing to the recent appreciation of Brazilian money it is now worth only three and a half milreis. And as the American missionaries in Brazil are paid in American money, they receive for it less than half as much Brazilian as formerly, while the purchasing power of the money remains the same.

Spain is the latest country to follow Greece and Italy with a law against the export of antiquities without a special permit. Owners of antiquities that have any reference to the history of Spain and Spanish are to enter the titles of their treasures in a register. Manuscripts, books, medals and costumes, musical instruments and weapons, carvings, statues, pottery and brasses are included in the index.

An indication of the progress in manufacturing motor vehicles is furnished by the great rush in the automobile section of the Patent Office at Washington, where the number of applications is said to be so great as to necessitate the employment of five special examiners. The automobile division has been subdivided into four sections, handling respectively electric motors, steam motors, gas and acetylene motors and compressed air motors.

Prosperity has pulled the railroad companies in the hands of receivers out of all their difficulties. During the past six months there were, according to the *Railroad Age*, only three small railroad receiverships. These represented a total trackage of only sixty miles. During the first six months of 1900 nineteen roads, representing 978 miles of track and a capitalization of \$56,000,000, fell into receivers' hands. With the exceptions noted, these have since paid off their obligations and been released.

An advertisement recently appeared in the *London Times*, offering for sale "the best authenticated residence of George Washington, near Banbury, England, containing seven bedrooms, three reception rooms, kitchen, offices, with stabling and outbuildings, and 210 acres of land," which produced £195 worth of produce last year. As George Washington was never in England, this probably refers to one of the houses formerly occupied by his ancestors in the town of Sulgrave, near Banbury.

New Zealand instituted the penny postage system the first of the present year. The postmaster general there attempted the plan some time ago, but found neither the United States nor Australia would agree to lower the rate to one cent. The penny postage system includes Great Britain and the majority of her colonies, and there has been strong talk for years of the United States joining the ranks. The United States postal department has never made expenses, but has a deficit each year.

For two years the authorities in Italy have been trying to capture the notorious brigand Musolino, but their efforts have been so far from successful that the brigand is now negotiating with the Government for what he considers honorable terms of surrender. He says that he is willing to go to prison for the rest of his life (capital punishment cannot be visited upon him in Italy), if he can only secure a reversal of the verdict condemning him for his first murder. That verdict, he says, was unjust, as he slew his victim in self defense. He apparently feels very little concern over the twenty or thirty murders he has since committed.

It appears that the modern sweet singer does not live by verse making alone. The announcement that after forty-five years in the British civil service Austin Dobson will be retired on a pension reveals the fact that the chief employment of the poet related to fish. For his services in protecting the finny denizens of English waters from the spoliation of illicit fishermen Mr. Dobson received a moderate wage, and the pension which will follow is not regarded as adequate in the case of a man whose needs include books. Hence Mr. Balfour has interested himself in getting for the gentle poet an additional allowance of £1,250 a year "for his distinguished services to literature and his eminence as a poet."

"Are there undeveloped enterprises left over from last century open to the capitalists of to-day?" asks O. P. Austin, Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, in *Everybody's Magazine*. He answers with a long list of possibilities in which wealth may be invested and earned. In the development of our own resources so as to produce at home the 800 million dollars' worth of food stuffs, manufacturers' material and manufactures now obtained from abroad, is the line of endeavor along which great chances lie. We import sugar, fruits, teas, and fibers which can be grown within the United States. Of our own manufactured imports there are few which cannot be produced in America.

Mr. Austin's solution of the opportunity problem is that of converting imports into products.